

KNOWLEDGE

I yearned to know, in days that long are dead,
In what strange paths your footsteps daily led,
My heart's best love. Each night in earnest prayer,
I knelt and for this seeming favor pled.
If I had known! Now cries my heart's despair,
Each hour, each day, that might I know just where,
No longer restless, but at rest you wait,
In answer to my heedless, longing prayer.
To know, O love, that every dawn will break
And find you where it slept—that every ache
My heart forgets in sad dream-haunted sleep
Must to this bitter knowledge daily wake.

By: Beth Slater Whitson

From: Singing Wires: A Book of Poems – Page 14
Bruce Humphries Publishing – Boston
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